

Children's Department.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Dear Boys and Girls:—So far we have received but one letter from the children since last week. Quite a good many have tried to guess what those two little girls are doing whose picture appears on the first page of *Our Little Folks*. Here is a letter from a little girl who guessed right.

DEAR EDITOR:—I will try to write something about the picture of those two little girls in *Our Little Folks*, No. 25. I think these little girls are sisters; the biggest girl has two dolls, she is holding the largest one behind her, and offers the little one to her sister. She wants the biggest one herself. Her little sister does not want the smallest doll very badly, because she is not reaching for it. The biggest girl, I think is selfish.

EFFIE SAYGER.

Akron, Ind.

[Very good, my little girl. You guessed correctly. But how did you know this? You would not do such a thing, would you? What should the older sister have done? Why? We should not be selfish. Jesus teaches us to be unselfish. The Apostle says, he pleased not himself.—ED.]

HOW EDDIE PREACHED.

[Here is a story of how a little boy preached. Read it carefully and then write a letter and tell how little boys and girls may preach Jesus.—ED.]

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie one day.

"What is a preacher?" asked grandma.

Eddie looked surprised. "Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is the man that tells people what the Bible means; and he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you."

Grandma smiled. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm 'fraid not," said Eddie, after a few minutes of thought, "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"Oh, yes, you can," said grandma.

"Here is a good text for you to explain: 'Be ye kind one to another.'"

"There's nothing to 'splain 'bout that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody, and that's all there is of it."

"A good text, though, for my little

preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week? Why, grandma, I can't."

"Can't you be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful. "Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie with a sigh, "I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking 'bout that kind of preaching."

"You'll be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It's not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Eddie the next day; and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either;" and he hurried home from school.

"It's not being kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," he said; and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it.

The end of the week came. "How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching 'bout that text for everybody has been so kind to me."—*The Mayflower*.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

[Then here is what some one says God gives to every boy. But he gives these things to girls just as well as to the boys. You should be thankful that God has given you these things, and the best way to show that we are thankful is to use them just as God meant we should use them.—ED.]

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, and kindness, and charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whisky, and to speak true, kind, brave words, but not to make a smokestack of or a swiss trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird, and tree, and rill, and human voice, but not to give heed to what the tempter says or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—God's finger-prints—in the flower, and field, and snowflake, but not to feast on unclean pictures or the blotches that Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember, and reason, and decide, and store up wisdom, and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip-basket or rubbish-heap for the chaff and the rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

[Below is a piece of poetry written by Alice Cary. There are many good thoughts in it, and we wish you would read it—read it to yourself, then to mamma and papa. There are so many little folks who say, "I don't care," but you see it is very important that you *should* care.—ED.] The subject is,

TAKE CARE.

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross and cruel and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them, too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids drooping down,
Like a violet from the light;
Badness, in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

ALICE CARY.

THE only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain chose where it should fall, God's showers would not fall as they do now.—*Charles Kingsley*.

"OLD age is the twilight of eternity."